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KITTY and DICK:
1078. c. 11
OR, THE
NIGHTINGALE.
A TALE.

To which is added,

The MILK-MAID, or the HEIFER; a TALE.

ISABELLA'S Sparrow, a BALLAD.

AN EPIGRAM.

The Two Thousand Pounds Bond, or a necessary Settlement: A TALE.

The HERMIT and his SON, or Father *Philip's* Goose:
A BALLAD.

The IRISHMAN, a TALE.



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KITTY and DICK:

OR, THE

NIGHTINGALE.



Virgin's pretty Toy to guard,
Ev'n *Argus*' Eyes would find it hard;
Your Time, and Care, and Labour's lost,
When Whims of Love the Nymph accost.
A clever, sprightly, jolly Blade,
If favour'd by the fair one's Aid,
And that blind Urchin's arch Assistance,

Who triumphs over all Resistance,
Make dreadful Havock where they come,
And are bright Virtue's certain Doom.
Restraint's the Snare that traps so many;
Lay that aside, you'd not catch any;
Spies, Bolts, and Locks, and Bars of Iron;
In vain the willing Girl environ:
For now at twelve Years old, at most,
The Virgin in the Lads is lost.

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Strange

Strange Fancies fill her scheming Head,
 And Methods how to quickly rid
 Her of that Whim, a Maidenhead.
 To know the Girl is in a Twitter,
 What 'twas her Parents did to get her,
 Feign'd Sighs, gay Smiles, and wanton Leers,
 A Syren's Voice, and faithless Tears,
 Are practis'd with the nicest Art,
 To catch some harmless, heedless Heart.

Thus much premis'd, there needs no more,
 Than just the Reader to implore
 To mind the Sequel I relate,
 How sharply's play'd the Part of *Kate*,
 To clap the Bird in wiry Grate.
 Now to my Tale I think I'd best,
 And to your Judgment leave the rest.

Not many Miles from *Paul's* huge Steeple,
 Well known to all good Christian People,
 In *Surrey's* County there's a Town---
 No Doubt, say you, there's many a one---
 But by this Town there hangs a Tale,
 With which the Reader I'll regale.
 Within this Town, not large nor little,
 Did sev'ral honest People settle;
 Among the rest, says rattling Fame,
 Liv'd Gaffer *Clodpole* and his Dame;
 To these good Folks indulgent Fare
 Had giv'n a Daughter named *Kate*.
 Not one in Fifty in this City
 Was half so clever, half so pretty;
 Her Face a nat'ral White and Red,
 The Rose and Lilly quite display'd,
 And in her Eye young *Cupids* play'd.
 Neat was her Shape, and small her Waste,
 With a full swelling snowy Breast,
 That seem'd inviting to be press'd;
 With other Charms that I could tell,
 Might fire a Hermit in his Cell.
 In short she was, as all will own,
 The very Phoenix of the Town.

The

The Reader judges, to be sure,
 With all these Beauties to allure,
 She could not miss of many a Lover,
 And many did about her hover.
Dick, sadly smitten, let her know it,
 And strove all Ways he could to shew it.
Kate catch'd the Flame, and up it blaz'd,
 And in her Heart strange Tumults rais'd;
 Each was already t'other's Bliss,
 Their Pains, their Joys, were her's, were his.
 They both the same Desires express,
 But of what Kind? ----guess---prithee guess.
 Transporting Thoughts from hence arise!
 A Word's sufficient to the Wise.
 When Hearts so young with Longings pine,
 What they'd be at--- Fools may divine.

One Point still hinder'd their Possession;
 Her Mother lov'd her past Expression;
 So much she was her whole Delight,
 She could not bear her out of Sight.
 All Day she plaid the Foudling by her,
 And still to have the dear one nigh her,
 In a small Truckle-bed was laid,
 Just by her Side, the beauteous Maid.
 Less Tenderness and Freedom greater,
 Young *Kitty* would have suited better.
 This over Fondness of a Mother,
 Is fit for Children, and no other;
 But if a Girl in Teens once enters,
 She longs for other-guess Adventures.

All Ways she try'd, but could not find
 One Minute favourably kind,
 To entertain her Lover *Dick*,
 Which touch'd them both, ev'n to the Quick.
 Sometimes indeed her Hand he'd clinch,
 Give her a Tap or gentle Pinch,
 Whene'er he met her in the Town;
 Or if in Meadow, Grassy Gown,
 Perhaps he'd sily steal a Kiss;
 But that the utmost of his Bliss.

And what all this, why but to feed
One's Thirst and Hunger with dry Bread.

As Time brings all Things to advance,
They met one Day by lucky Chance,
No tender, fondling Mother by,
No jealous Father, Watch, or Spy;
When to his *Kate Dick* Silence broke,
And to the sequent Purpose spoke:
"What matters it that I love thee?
"And thou, again, as much lov'st me?
"That makes more grievous still my Lot;
"I see you, as I saw you not.
"Hard is my Fate, and what is worse,
"I know not how to solve the Curse.
"Whene'er I see thee, how I tremble!
"Yet all my Pains I must dissemble;
"My bursting Tears, and deep-fetch'd Sighs
"In a long vain Succession rise.
"Can there no Means be brought about
"To see you when your Mother's out?
"I'm sure 'tis not beyond your Skill;
"There, *Kitty*, only wants your Will.
"I fear your Love for me decays;
"Or sure there are a thousand Ways.
"If I, quo' *Kate*, was less sincere,
"Smiling on *Dick* with wanton Leer,
"I should talk otherwise to thee.
"Our Time, quo' *Dick*, is short--Let's see--
"If you my Life intend to save,
"A Bed in some lone Chamber have;
"As for Example (prithee see)
"In yonder Room the Gallery;
"A Place convenient is there,
"Which fits our Purpose to a Hair.
"There, Love, to meet you I can go.
"As soon as Stars begin to show."
This said, he stopt; but stopt to hear
A Word of Comfort from his Dear,
A Word to save him from Despair.

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Kate quickly gueſt what 'twas he wanted,
 And in half Words his Wiſhes granted.
 It was not eaſy to be done,
 But Love compleats what Love begun,
 Gives Wit, a Genius, and Invention---
 ---Obſerve the Plot with cloſe Attention.

Kate could not ſleep the live-long Night,
 But tumbles from the Left to Right,
 Makes ſuch a horrid ſcreaming Noiſe,
 Her Parents could not cloſe their Eyes.
 As ſoon as Morn began to peep
 (Not having had one Wink of Sleep)
 Up gets poor *Kitty*, tells her Wrong,
 How the Fleas bit her all Night long;
 How hot it was; and cloſ'd the Jeſt,
 With ſaying that ſhe could not reſt.

“ O pray, Mamma, continu'd ſhe,

“ Let me lie in the Gallery;

“ 'Tis pleaſant there, from Heat remote,

“ The Nightingale's melodious Note,

“ At Day-break, ſhadow'd by that Tree,

“ I ſhall hear warble charmingly.”

The good old Woman pities *Kate*,

And to her Gaffer hurries ſtrait,

Tells him poor *Kitty*'s woful Plight,

And how ſhe'd change her Room at Night,

To be more cool, and have more Air,

And Song of Nightingale to hear.

“ What's that! quoth *Clodpole*, looking ſour;

“ What Maggot's this you've worm'd into her?

“ She ſhall lie here, 'twill be more cool,

“ Than what it was laſt Night, you Fool!

“ But if 'tis not, I think, adds he,

“ No Reaſon ſhe ſhould eaſier be,

“ Than are her Betters---you and me.

Kate knits her Brows, ſeems mighty grave;

No Hopes this ſurly Answer gave.

At Night when they began to ſnore,

She hurliburly'd ten Times more

Than what ſhe did the Night before.

Cry'd,

Cry'd, rav'd, ad tore, and tofs'd, and tumbled,
 And from one End to t'other rumbled,
 In such a lamentable Pothier,
 As much afflicted her poor Mother,
 Who could no longer Silence keep,
 But waking *Clodpole* from his Sleep,
 With this tart Speech accosts him strait--
 " Ill-natur'd Churl! O most Ingrate!
 " Small is the Love you have for *Kate*.
 " Cruel! 'tis only thus to try,
 " If you can make her sick and die.
 " Soon will you have your wicked Will.
 " See! see! the Girl's already ill.
 " What is the Fancy, tell me true,
 " That yonder Gall'ry will not do?
 " My Dear she will be there as near
 " As if she did lye by us here."

Well, well! quoth *Clodpole*, as I'm a true Man,
 There's no withstanding of a Woman.
 You'll make me mad; your Tongue so trills;
 Women and Fools must have their Wills.
 E'en let her hear the Linnet's Throat,
 And Nightingale's delicious Note,
 Until she's tir'd: So said, so done,
 And *Kit* obeys his Orders soon,
 Claps up a Bed, and makes a Sign
 For *Dick* to come at Night by Nine.
 It is impossible to say,
 How long they thought this tedious Day:
 Minutes seem'd Months, and Hours Years,
 Till Night gave up their anxious Fears.
 That being come, *Dick* by the Aid
 Of Ladder for the Purpose laid,
 Soon scal'd the Wall, and took the Fort,
 Stript in a Minute to his Shirt,
 And strait was at old *Adam's* Sport.
 To tell you all their Love's Exploit,
 How often they embrac'd that Night;
 And in what Manner they carefs'd;
 How wonderfully they were blest'd:

Ev'n the most expressive Phrases
 Fall short of all our Fancy raises,
 Concerning *Cupid's* tend'rest Toy,
 Or Understanding of the Joy;
 Our Comprehension thus to suit,
 We must have tasted first the Fruit.
 The Nightingale sung all the Night,
 With Wonder, Pleasure, and Delight,
 The Nightingale that in the Grove,
 Melodious chants its Lays of Love,
 Seem'd but an Owl to this compar'd,
 Young *Kitty* afterwards declar'd.

As ill Luck will with Pleasure mix,
 Our Lovers weary'd with their Tricks,
 And by their mutual Transports tir'd,
 Fell both asleep as Night expir'd;
 When *Clodpole*, curious as he rose,
 To see if *Kate* asleep was close:
 What kind Effect let's see, he said,
 The Nightingale and Room have made.
 With that into the Gallery
 Upon his Tiptoes enters he,
 Lest *Kitty* should disturbed be;
 When closely to the Bedside creeping
 He found his Daughter fast asleeping.

By Reason of the sultry Weather
 Our sleeping Lovers, both together,
 Without the smallest Covering laid,
 And Nature's naked State display'd;
 Just as they paint our Father *Adam*,
 And beauteous *Eve* his precious Madam;
 Except instead of holding Apples,
 In her fair Hand young *Kitty* grapples
 A charming downy *Nightingale*,
 Squeezing it softly by the Tail.
 The Fair, no doubt, will flounce and leer,
 And such Expressions will not hear;
 Yet, if we should *Catullus* heed,
 This Sham they don't in private plead.

The Father shock'd with the Surprize,
 Could scarce give Credit to his Eyes.
 But inwardly secretes his Woes,
 And back to's Wife directly goes.
 Gammer, says he, awake and come
 Along with me to t'other Room.
 I need not wonder why your *Kate*
 Express'd such wondrous Transports late,
 The warbling Nightingale to hear---
 The Reason's evidently clear,
 She had design'd the Bird to share,
 As is apparent by th'Affair;
 Therefore resolv'd with Care to watch it,
 And let no Method slip to catch it;
 And has so well contriv'd the Plot,
 She grasps it near her---you know what.
 The Mother half awake arose,
 And rubb'd her Eyes, and blew her Nose.
 And has then *Kate* ensnar'd the Bird?
 Do'st doubt it when I give my Word?
Cloddy, sayst thou a Nightingale?
 And is it great, or is it small?
 Come, tell me Deary, does it sing?
 And young ones will it breed next Spring?
 If 'tis a Cock we'll cage it then;
 And feed it well if 'tis a Hen.
 Who knows but we, with proper Food,
 May raise a pretty chirping Brood.
 Pray all those simple Questions spare,
 Quoth *Clod*, to yonder Room repair,
 And then, good Gammer, you may see;
 But as a Mouse be still, quoth he;
 For if the Bird should chance to hear,
 All may be lost again I fear.

Surpriz'd the Mother, without Fail,
 Was to perceive the Nightingale
Kit grasp'd: She would have call'd her Jade,
 Slut, Whore, and Strumpet, Renegade;
 All the vile Names that Tongue can utter,
 Or female Rage in Passion splutter,

Had not her Spouse oppos'd her Speed,
 And said he did not stand in need
 Of any such; for 'twould be vain,
 Nor in the least wipe off the Stain;
 But quick, with Speed, go fetch the Proctor,
 With Licence and the Parish Doctor.
 If so we can these Matters clinch,
 We save our Honour and the Wench.

During this Speech *Dick* wakes, and sees
 The Sun a peeping thro' the Trees.
 So ho! he cries; why *Kate*, 'tis Day!
 How shall I do to get away?
 All's well, (cries *Coddipold* again)
 It matters little to complain,
 To storm and bluster, tear and rave,
 And call you, *Richard*, Rogue or Knave;
 You've done me wrong, that's all, and so
 Make Reparation e'er you go.
 And now to speak you plain and flat,
 There's but one down-right Way for that;
 Wed her, but don't you hint Denial;
 For should you put me to the Trial,
 The Danger on your Side is great,
 You know she was a Maid till late;
 Come, come ev'n take her for your Mate.
 If Heav'n on her has not bestow'd
 Such Plenty as to you allow'd;
 Yet she is young, and you declare
 That really too she's somewhat fair:
 Then to expose your self no further
 To drubbing Bout, if not a Murther,
 And for no earthful Cause beside,
 Than not make her, you love, your Bride,
 Would seem a Paradox to Sense,
 Or claims to Reason small Pretence.
 Troth *Richard* thought so by the by,
 Therefore judg'd of her favourably.
 For she had Wit as well as Charms,
 He came but freshly from her Arms,

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Had

And

And tasting of most fragrant Blissés,
 Dozes of Love and am'rous Kisses:
 In a whole Skin to go (beside)
 He'd rather than a well drubb'd Hide.
 Thus while he lay considering on't,
 And ruminating much upon't,
 Surpriz'd and frighten'd, *Kate* awoke,
 Just as her Lover *Richard* spoke;
 And, drawing slowly the Sheet higher,
 Hid all those Charms our Fancies fire.
 The Proctor and the Priest begun,
 They sign, they seal, and all is done;
 Then there till Noon they left 'em both;
 And now her Parents said, " Forsooth,
 " The Bird being caged to our Will,
 " E'en *Kitty* let him sing his Fill.



The Milkmaid: Or, The HEIFER. A TALE.

F here I sing, by Love betray'd,
A simple inoffensive Maid,
'Tis with Design to teach the Fair,
How to avoid Mens treach'rous Snare,

For they will all their Arts employ,
Young Maidens Virtue to destroy,
And triumph in the Conquest won,
Of ev'ry Nymph that is undone :
Therefore, ye Fair, read o'er my Tale,
Examples move, when Precepts fail.

In *Oxford's* shady, cool Retreat,
Learning and Wisdom's worthy Seat,
Was one of the Scholastick Train,
A hair-brain'd, giddy, wanton Swain,
Who'd let no Nymph pass freely by,
But freely what she was he'd try.

Tho' somethis Way, somethat, subdu'd,
And ever haunted *Cupid's* Wood,
So long his wily Pranks he play'd,
He scarce in *Oxford* left one Maid,
But even in the End that One
Was by a Stratagem undone,
Tho' all well knew his Ways of Sporting,
To Age of Thirty down from Fourteen.

A Milkmaid, *Fanny J---s*, by Name,
As bright as Day, as fair as Fame,
Juicy and hale, genteel and strong,
Most rosie-cheek'd, and mighty young,
Had set a-gog his liqu'rish Eye,
So swore he'd have her, or he'd dye.
As duly as the Morning rose,
This Lass wou'd go to milk her Cows,
As duly as the Evening came,
Again she wou'd renew the same ;
Then, after they an Hour had fed,
She'd drive 'em to their nightly Shed.

Precaution's apt to be thought good,
 Be it of any Sort or Mood,
 But here revers'd, a Scene it brings,
 And with Precaution Ruin springs.

For lest her Flock should stray or wander,
 And rove like Springs, or fam'd *Meander*,
 She to each Cow had fix'd a Bell,
 Whose tinkling Sound her Ear might tell,
 Where then her Flock, or in what Place
 They took a Fancy in to graze;
 This rais'd the Student's Speculation,
 And favour'd his most wish'd Occasion.

Somewhat, before the time was come,
 For her to drive her Neats-Herd Home,
 He stray'd a Cow, and cut the String
 Of one on which the Bell did swing;
 Then said no more, but whistling gay,
 His Bonnet cock'd, and sneak'd away.

The Scholar scarce some Yards was gone,
 But *Fanny* there appear'd anon,
 And as the Sun was in Decline,
 She homeward drove her milky Kine,
 And sung, as on her Journey bent,
 And charm'd the Echo's as she went.

Thus, as she merry jogg'd along,
 This was the Burthen of her Song:

" There was a young Lads, but I won't tell her Name, }

" Who, as the Folks say, was mickle to blame, }

" About lighting a Candle, and setting a Flame: }

Tum toddrara, tum toddrara tumtoddree.

The Echo's, with a Cadence sweet,

The jovial Notes again repeat,

And by the time her Song was done,

She drove all home---excepting one.

The Mother, whose more piercing Sight

Observ'd the Number was not right,

Bawl'd out, Why, Hussy, here wants *Philly*, }

What, have you been again with *Billy*? }

Go, Slut, and seek her, or I'll kill ye. }

This is the Trade, in my Opinion,
 Each Night, you little idle Minion,
 Hence, heedless Pufs, go, Baggage, go,
 And find this Minute out the Cow;
 I'll brain you, if you dare to frown,
 Think, Slattern, do, what thou hath done.

Well, *Fanny* did at length depart,
 With downcast Eyes, and heavy Heart,
 Enquires of every Passer-by,
 If they, or no, a Cow did spy;
 Describes with Innocence and Grace
 The snowy Spots bedeck'd its Face:
 Then sues to know, in what lone Grove
 At last she *Billy* met her Love;
 Then moves he'd seek it---for he knew it:
 Quo' he, come kiss me, Jade, I'll do it.
 So while I this Way, *Fan*, pursue,
 Quite the contrary Way go you.

The Scholar, who had watch'd their Motions,
 Perceiv'd how they had laid their Notions:
 So, by the time that beauteous *Fanny*
 Had gone three Fields, or scarce so many;
 The Heifer's Bell he fell a ringing,
 Ah! ah! quo' she, that's *Philly's* Tinging!
 I know it well: How I will bang ye!
 What Gad's Breeze brought you here? go hang ye!
 I will not bear these daily Freaks,
 'Tis only you that play me Tricks.
 This said, the Swain pursu'd the Fair
 Into a Wood, and then he there
 Enjoy'd her, for all Complaints were vain,
 No one was by to stop the Swain.

Hence, shun, ye Nymphs, the purling Stream,
 Successful to the Lover's Scheme,
 The silent Wood, and shady Grove,
 Too oft the Scenes of lawless Love.

ISABELLA's Sparrow.

I Mourn young *Isabella's* Fate,
 A Sparrow having caught of late;
 She clapt the Bird in wiry Grate,
 And puff'd with Joy was she:
 As in this Bird she took such Pride,
 Now strok'd its Wing, and then its Hide,
 The Prison Door she open'd wide,
 And so away flew he.

The Fair who is of *Cupid's* Train,
 If she wou'd sovereignly reign,
 And humble to her self her Swain,
 Or change him from the Rover:
 Remember *Isabella's* Lore---
 If you shou'd open your Cage-door,
 Or fondly stretch too wide before,
 Like Sparrow flies your Lover.

The MEDIUM. An Epigram.

A Medium's good thro'out all Life,
 In Joy's full Flow, or Stream of Strife.
 Stop there, and go no further on:
 As to Religion, I must own,
 That too much Zeal's as bad as none. }
 But, in Love Matters, who's too kind,
 That Woman's Man is yet to find.
 Extremes in Love is all a Jest,
 Steer Mid-way full, the *Middle's* best.

The Two Thousand Pounds Bond, or a necessary Settlement: A Tale.

THE worst of Ills admits a Cure,
 And Gold's a Remedy most sure:
 It saves from Noose the rubbing Swain;
 And cleans the Virgin's secret Stain.

But lest the Prologue, that's before ye,
Should be too long ---- I'll tell the Story.

Alderman *Pond*, a rich old Cuff,
Had scarce been marry'd long enough,
Before his Wife brought forth to Light,
A strapping, comely Female bright;
And, to compleat the marry'd Joy,
Soon afterwards produc'd a Boy.

Their Dad, to give 'em the best Learning,
As they grew up to quick Discerning,
A Tutor took of courtly Phrase,
Genteel, well-bred, and comely Grace;
A Man, who knew how to improve
Each Art ----- but chief the Art of Love.
For *Cupid* taught him while in *France*,
To sing, and play, intrigue, and dance;
To dress, and act the modern Beau,
En Cavalier from Top to Toe.

In order to be Miss *Kate's* Suitor,
Syntax took on him to be Tutor,
That in this pedant-like Disguise,
Her he might court without Surmize:
And he so well fulfill'd his Plot,
That truly all his Ends he got.

Kit seem'd the very Queen of *May*,
Or the bright Offspring of the Day:
She reviv'd ev'ry famous Toast,
And was the City's proudest Boast;
Set ev'ry foppish Heart on Fire,
And taught old Age how to admire.
She conn'd her Lesson thrice a-day,
(Learning's no lame Excuse you'll say:)

Yet conning such pedantick Bits,
Gave Cholicks, Toothachs, fainting Fits,
With shrewd Suspicions of the Cause
Of what her real Illness was.

All was discover'd, and her Dad,
Almost with Fury half stark mad,
Thunder'd and bully'd, rav'd and tore,
And Vengeance on the Tutor swore;

While he stood trembling at the Din,
 In bitter taking for his Sin,
 And proffer'd Wedlock's galling Collar,
 With *Kitty* his most forward Scholar.
 But *Pond* these Offers cou'dn't endure,
 She being rich, and he but poor :
 So weds her to a rich young Looby,
 A silly Money-loving Booby,
 Who reckons every Mortal's Sense,
 By what's the Number of his Pence.
 Great was the Portion with her paid,
 And large the Jointure on her made.

The fourth Moon scarce began to wane,
 And the fifth Month usurp'd its Reign,
 But lack-a-day *Kate*'s brought to Bed
 Of a fine jolly comely Jade. }
 The Husband, quite surpriz'd, strait said,
 So soon to have the Father's Fee !
 I'm bit,---I'm bit,--- it cannot be :
 In four Month's Time ! 'tis scarce yet four :
 I like it not,—the Slut's a Whore :
 I cannot brook this fruitful Tenet,
 She must be surely some West *Janet*.
 And thus each knotty Point a-stating
 He stood, the Case himself debating.
 At last in a great Heat and Passion,
 And mighty full of Indignation,
 Ran to her Father, rav'd and tore,
 Truly he'd be divorc'd he swore.
 Her Father smil'd, and cry'd, speak low ;
 Thy Case was mine some Years ago :
 I bully'd, and complain'd, like thee,
 To her Papa, as you to me ;
 Talk'd much of leading sep'rate Life,
 And e'en divorcing of my Wife.
 The good old Man perceiv'd the Treason,
 And so to bring me to my Reason,
 The Pill, tho' 'twas a bitter one,
 He made me swallow glibly down :

For he knew how to gild it o'er,
 With Bond of Pounds ten thousand more;
 Which his Wife's Friends for like Mischance
 Did formerly to him advance.

I ceas'd my Plaint, and took the Bond,
 And afterwards grew mighty fond.
 Now this same Bond may pass (cries he)
 From Family to Family;
 And always serve in like Affair,
 For Remedy most sure and rare;
 May-hap you'll want it, Son, hereafter,
 When it is time to wed your Daughter.

The Son heard all, look'd brisk and gay,
 Took Bond, and bow'd, then went his way.
 Heav'n guard the Poor from such Disgraces,
 Having no Bond to save their Cases.

The HERMIT, or Father Philip's GEESE.

*A BALLAD, To the Tune of
 As Thomas and Harry, one Midsummer-Day.*

*How irresistible are the Darts of Love!
 How piercing female Charms! when Mahomet
 Had long been hamm'ring in his lonely Cell
 Some dull insipid tedious Paradise,
 A brisk Arabian Girl came tripping by;
 Passing, at him she cast a side-long Glance,
 And look'd behind, in Hopes to be pursu'd,
 He took the Hint, embrac'd the flying Fair,
 And, having found his Heaven, he fix'd it there.*

DRYDEN.

Young *Anna* and *Philip*, a kind loving Pair,
 Brisk, airy and pleasant, and affable were.
 Young *Anna* was brighter than *Sol's* shining Ray,
 And sweeter her Breath than the Breezes in *May*:
 And *Philip* was jolly, proportion'd each Limb,
 He liv'd but in her, and she liv'd but in him.

But

But alas! as no Pleasre is permanent here,
She brought forth a Son, and was snatch'd from her Dear.

Poor *Philip* bewail'd his sad wretched State,
The Loss of his Nymph, and now curses his Fate:
The Boy from the World determines to take,
And live like two Hermits for poor *Anna's* sake.
All Women seem'd odious, since *Anna* was dead,
And the World but a Forest, or dismal wild Glade,
Where Rapine, and Perj'ry, and Interest reign'd,
And Honour and Justice were greatly disdain'd.

He goes to a Wood, where no human Track
Could be seen on the Ground with the Boy on his Back,
And there he hides from him a hundred odd things,
As Luxury, Pride, Self-Love, Pomp of Kings;
Of Passions, and Darts, and *Cupid*, and Fires;
Nor mention'd a Woman, or ought of Desires.
To the Growth of his Years, apt Rules did enrol,
Which always was tending to Good of his Soul.

The Youth being now at least five Years old,
Father *Philip* to him the Birds and Beasts told;
The Name of the Plants, the Fruits, and the Flowers,
Their Uses and Virtues, their Beauties and Powers,
And amidst these Discourses which Boys pleasant call,
He mingled the Threats of Chimera's, and all,
That of Death and the De'il, Damnation and Hell,
Which are the first Lessons to Children we tell.

But now ten Years passed, his Conduct he moulds,
And of an Hereafter the Riddle unfolds;
Yet nought of fair Woman he ever brought in,
As if such fine Creatures there never had been.
The Stars he described, the Moon, and the Sun,
And how in their Orbs they gradually run;
He mention'd the Author of Earth, Sea and Air,
But nothing of Woman would *Philip* declare.

But at length well stricken in Years being grown,
And scarce able to trudge to the neighbouring Town,
Well knowing that Nature must one Day decline,
And submit to all-conqu'ring Death's meagre shrine;
But how soon it might be his Fate did not know;
Alas! what shou'd then his poor tender Son do?

For Wolves have no Pity, nor feel pious Qualms,
And Lions and Tygers ne'er knew to give Alms.

Therefore *Philip* thought it would be the best Way,
His Son to the Village to carry one Day;
That when he departed this sad hated Life,
So full of all Ills, since the Loss of his Wife,
That the Youth for himself might be able to thift,
And on the World's Mercy not be run a-drift:
For poor is the Mortal who trusts on the same,
He must live without Comfort, and die without Fame.

But e'er he wou'd venture on this hated Strain,
The Youth first his twentieth Year did attain;
That come, to the Town the Boy led by his Sire,
Thro' Boggs, and thro' Lanes of Dirt and of Mire;
He stares all around, and not one thing he knew,
But alas! is amaz'd such Wonders to view:
Enquires what's that, what's t'other, and this,
And the Father strait tells him whatever it is.

But *Phillis* approaching in a Purple gay Vest,
He ask'd, pray what's that, Sir, so charmingly drest?
'Tis a *Goose*, reply'd *Philip*, pray Son hold your Peace:
Her Skin's more like Down of Swans than of Geese;
'Tis a delicate Fowl! (full of Joy, cries the Youth)
Let us carry one Home our Sorrows to sooth;
I warrant it sings well:---a Brood let us raise,
In the Wood where we live, they may all of 'em graze.

The IRISHMAN: A TALE.

AN *Irishman* (my Tale assures)
Puff'd with Conceit of vain Amours,
Was in the end most finely roasted,
For what he had so vainly boasted:
But in a Manner troth so new;
As made it doubly pleasant too,
Tho' he had never scarce laid Claim
To ought above a Scullion-Dame:
But what alas shall there be said!
Lyars are Prophets by their Trade.

Scap-

Scandal's believ'd as soon as spoke,
While Virtue's look'd on as a Joke;
To which our Sight must Witness be,
Or else 'tis not believ'd by thee.

Phillis, a Lady wond'rous fair,
Rich, frolicksome, and debonair,
Resolv'd to jilt one Lord *Mackshan*,
A silly lubbertrotting Man.
The Truth is this; the *Irish* Swain
Had too much Brass, was much too vain:
(Yet Brass's a thing howe'er you scan it,
That's natural to *Ireland's* Planet.)
But she at home would never be,
Or for his Visits, or his Plea;
Tho' oft and oft he would accost her,
In Terms as follow, or Terms softer.
Arra! by my Salvation, Dear,
Thou'rt better than our *Christmas* Gear!
More fragrant than Potatoes boil'd!
Or twa peuk'd Pap from Mouth of Child!
Than Gaarlick to Conserve of Roses,
Or Assafetidean Dozes;
More lovely than our Clabber-boney;
Bright as my Rapier thou'rt, dear Honey:
Yea, by my Shoul, a Mistress thee,
For graave St. *Patrick's* Sanctity.

No sooner he cou'd say these Things,
But she to next Door-Neighbour wings,
Where one *La Soupe*, as People say,
With Goody *Nancy* had great Sway;
And was Gallant as much as cou'd be,
And re'lly something more than shou'd be.

Phillis lent Money out at Use;
Altho' so wanton, so profuse,
And gay to such a wond'rous Pitch,
That it discover'd she was rich;
None knew the worth of her Estate,
But all believ'd it to be great.

She came from burying an old Fellow,
(For such their Tears are e'er scarce mellow)

Who left her Coin in Store and Plenty;
Besides our Widow was but Twenty.

These all are such inveigling Charms,
Wou'd yield a Heav'n to *Mackshan's* Arms,
Yet she repuls'd his *Irish* Flame,
But prudently she did the same.

This known to the *Hibernian* Lord,
(Who was what that Land does afford)
From his Pursuits he never rested,
But oft address'd her, oft protested.

To *Yorkshire* Oaths and *Irish* Vows
Gave always the same Fate allows;
For ne'er cou'd either yet inherit
From any Mortal Scripture Credit.

Truth is not shock'd, as I conceive,
That he lov'd *Phillis*, to believe;
But he wou'd have 'em raise it higher,
And think he'd purchase his Desire.

One Day, our buxom Widow fair
Approach'd him with a smiling Air,
And thus bespoke the *Irish* Loon;
" My Lord, I'm come to beg a Boon;
" Which is, that you'll be so kind,
" To aid and forward our Design,
" In cheating of a jealous Sor,
" You must lie with him."---There's the Plot.
No Hardship in it does appear,
Nor have you any Harm to fear.

The Reason's this; *La-Soupe*, of late,
With *Nan* has quarrell'd at such rate,
That they must have a whole Night's Ease,
To quell their Pets, and make the Peace.

Now, lying with the jealous Farmer,
The grave old Numps will make no Clamour;
For very reasonably he'll fancy,
You who lie with him is his *Nancy*.

I will defeat howe'er each Scruple,
That you can start by Reason duple:
So now begin whene'er you will,
I'll stand my Ground, and try my Skill.

Sup.

Suppose, (quoth *Mackshan*) he should poke,
 And cry, Come *Nan*, have at your Joke !
 Then being baulk'd of sweeting Temper,
 He'd make me round the Room to scamper ;
 And chase me from one Hole to t'other,
 Like Boys, when threaten'd, dodge their Mother :
 But re'lly, if this shou'd not happen,
 He'd catch me in the Morning napping.

Quoth *Phillis*, to stick close to Letter,
 These are Supposes, and no better :
 This Intimation thus made out,
 Don't think I cannot clear your Doubt.

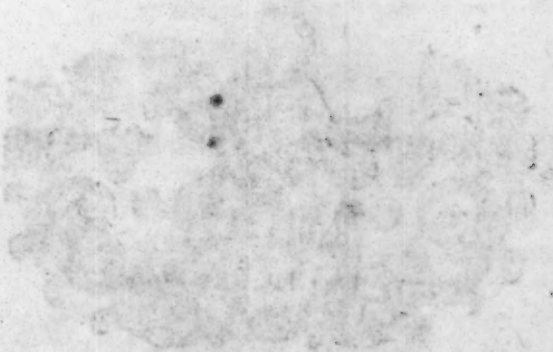
Know then she keeps the whole Year *Lent* ;
 Whether it is he's impotent,
 Or thro' his Jealousy's unknown,
 But she had equal lie alone :
 For he, sad Wretch, sleeps all the Night,
 And stints her of her Marriage Rite ;
 And 'tis enough, if in his Bed,
 A Cap's plac'd on a Mopstick's Head.
 He will not catch you, I conceive,
 For we'll prevent it, as I live.

As soon as Cock begins his Crowing,
 We'll ope the Door, and send you going.
 I'll dress you up, be not afraid ;
 And for this you shall well be paid.

Thus eas'd the Scruples of his mind ;
 'Tis said, to render *Phillis* kind,
 And to his am'rous Wishes civil,
 He wou'd have bedded with the Devil.

Now Night was come, she dress'd his Head,
 And as she has him into Bed :
 She slyly putting out the Light,
 Rants, bullocks, roars, till Nine at Night :
 Threatning him into Bed like Bully,
 Who meets his Whore with some young Cully.
 Fear seizes *Mackshan* in a Trice,
 He quakes, becomes as cold as Ice ;
 Now shivers like an Ague-Fir,
 But dares not hawk, nor cough, nor spit ;

And I have seen
The time when Death, with his
To I never more will see you
O pray, pray, and pray
This time, be still on
One who is a better
I do not know, but
One who is a better
The time when Death, with his
To I never more will see you
O pray, pray, and pray
This time, be still on
One who is a better
I do not know, but
One who is a better



And he did verily believe,
This Time 'twas Death, without Reprieve.

" I never more will aid your Wife !

" O pray forgive, and spare my Life !"

This said, he fell on Marrow-bone :

One answer'd in a softer Tone,

I do this once, but ne'er let me

Catch you again at this,---d'ye see.

'Twas *Phillis*, who, the whole Night's Space,

Had ooccupy'd the Farmer's Place,

She ran the Tale to tell the rest

Naked almost, and half undrest.

Th' *Hibernian* seeing what he'd lost,

So very much in Mind was crost,

That he despairing bought a Cord ;

So dy'd in Hemp the *Irish* Lord.

F I N I S .

